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CIRCULARS,
CARDS, BLANKS, &c. &c.
executed promptly and neatly and at fair
prices.
JOB WORK must be paid for upon
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will attend to any business committed to
him in the courts of Clarke and adjoining
counties. Special attention given to collec-
tions. Office on Church street, nearly oppo-
site the jail. feb5 ly.

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joining counties, and in the Court of Ap-
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Office—In the Clarke County Bank
building. jan 5 '93

Giles Cook, Jr.,
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FRONT ROYAL, VA.

will attend to any business committed to
him in the Circuit Court of Clarke county.
april 8

John. Y. Page,
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Commissioner in Chancery.

BERRYVILLE, VA.

feb 28

Sam'l. J. C. Moore,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

BERRYVILLE, VA.

Will practice in the courts of Clarke, Freder-
ick, Warren and Loudoun counties. In the
supreme Court of Appeals of the State, as
well as in the U. S. Court at Harrisonburg.
sep 30

Dr. G. H. Oliver,
DENTIST.

BERRYVILLE, VA.

For several years a private pupil of Prof. J.
H. Houghkin, and a graduate of the Baltimore
College of Dental Surgery, has located per-
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Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.
227 Office—in Russell's building, over
Lippitt's Drug Store.

Some Facts
About Furniture.

Having added largely to my stock of Fur-
niture, the public is invited to call and in-
spect the same. In regard to prices I wish
to say I can compete with any house in the
Valley.

Look at These Prices:

BEDSTEADS, in oak or poplar, from \$2.00
up. Bureaus and Washstands very cheap;
also, oak sideboards, Parlor Tables,
Tables, Wardrobes, oak and poplar Fancy
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Woven-wire Mattresses, good quality, \$3.00;
Shuck and all-hair Mattresses from \$5.00 to
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Very fine oak Suits, finely carved, \$22 to
\$30. Parlor Suits, in oak, walnut or cherry,
\$25 and up.
Also, a large lot of old-fashioned split-
bottom Chairs and Rockers at \$3.50 and up,
per set. A fine assortment of Fancy Rock-
ing Chairs, Oak, Maple and Kaffan, \$1.75
and up.

H. P. DEAH, Agent.

Undertaking a Specialty.

I keep in stock all grades of Caskets and
Coffins, such as black cloth, walnut and
cherry, black cloth, Metallic Caskets, and
white Caskets. I also do embalming when
requested. Orders by telegram promptly
filled. I have the finest Hearse in the Val-
ley, and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.
In all business matters my motto is to please,
and no trouble will be spared to do so.
mar 20 tf H. P. DEAH.

CHARLESTOWN

Marbe & Granite Works,

Cor. George and North Streets.

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Manufacturers of

MONUMENTS, - TOMBS, - STATUES

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Mantles, Tiling,

and all kinds of

Building Marble and Sandstones.

All orders promptly filled at the lowest
rates. All work guaranteed.
sep 1 '92

W. H. ELWELL.

Harness Maker.

—AND DEALER IN—

Saddles, Collars, Whips, Lap

Robes, Etc.

Has removed his establishment to South
street, at the rear of S. F. Baughman's store.
Repairing promptly done. jun 6

Kodol

Dyspepsia Cure.

Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and a-
nature in strengthening and re-
constructing the exhausted digestive
gans. It is the latest discovered dig-
estant and tonic. No other prepara-
tion can approach it in efficiency. I
can testify to its efficiency. I
suffered from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heart
Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nerve
Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramp,
all other results of imperfect dig-
estion. Prepared by E. C. Dewitt & Co., Ch-
go. W. RICHARDSON.

THE COURIER'S facilities for doing nice
job work are not surpassed by any office
in the Valley of Virginia.

THE CLARKE COURIER.

VOL. XXXI.

BERRYVILLE, VA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1899.

No. 3.

JOAN OF ARC.

We are now familiar with the his-
tory of this hundred years' war be-
tween France and England. We have
seen Edward III beat down the
French, sack their cities, and ravage
their fields. We have seen the slaugh-
ter of French knights at Cressy and
Poitiers and Agincourt. We have
seen the terror of the English name
grow upon the French to such an ex-
tent that one Englishman can over-
come five Frenchmen in the open
field.

In the dreadful orgy of lust and
crime we can hear the stout chief-
tain, La Hire, affirm that "if God
himself were a soldier, he would turn
robber."

A country boy saved Israel; and a
country girl was to save France.

Wars and rumours of wars were
all about her. The air was full of
the clash of arms. The wounded
soldier often stopped in for a night's
shelter for nourishment and for
nursing.

Once the alarm came that Dom-
remy was to be pillaged, and the
villagers had to flee for shelter.

Thus round the fireside at her fa-
ther's house Joan was in full contact
with the troubled times. She heard
all the strange stories which were
afloat, and the miseries of her coun-
try spoke to her every day.

She heard them talk in awe and
vague hope of the old prophecy of
Merlin, that "France, lost by a wo-
man, shall be saved by a woman."

Her wonder grew as she heard
them tell that the woman who was
to deliver France was to be a virgin
and was to come from the marshes
of Lorraine—her own country.

The heroines of the Bible aroused
her imagination; the needs of her
prostrate and bleeding country wrung
her heart; the intense religious zeal
within her turned her thoughts to
God; and the unutterable yearning
of all the people round her for Divine
help, for Divine deliverance, fed the
wishes, the hopes, the aspirations of
this pious, superstitious, imaginative
girl until they burst into the holy
flame of faith.

She believed that Merlin's prophe-
cy applied to her. She believed that
the heroines of the Bible were to live
again in her. She believed that
Voices, voices from on high, called
on her to go forth and deliver France.

The father wished her to marry.
A suitable match was offered her,
and the lover was so eager that he
even sought the aid of the courts to
force her consent, but without suc-
cess.

She vowed to remain a virgin, and
she was constant in her belief that
heavenly Voices called her to the
great work of saving France.

And now the wind begins to set in
Joan's favor. Faith begets faith.
The scoffing Governor suddenly
grows attentive and respectful. He
brought a priest to see her with a
view of learning whether the spirit
that possessed her was good or evil.
She received the holy man upon her
bowed knees, made a good impres-
sion upon him, and he reported fa-
vorably to the hesitating Governor.
Still he doubted, and still he de-
layed.

For three weeks the poor girl was
kept waiting and during this weary
interval she lived with Catherine de
Royer, helping her in household
work, and spending much time at
prayer in the chapel.

The people of Vaucouleurs now
came forward as her friends. They
gave her a horse and the equipments
of a soldier. Then came news of a
battle in which the French had, as
usual, been beaten.

"In God's name, let me go," said
Joan; and at last the Governor con-
sented.

He gave her a sword and a letter
to the King.

With her two pledged knights and
four armed men of lesser rank, she
set out on February 23rd, 1429, to go
to the King.

She did not see her parents to bid
them farewell, but she sent them a
letter entreating their forgiveness.

Surrounded by the English, all
supplies cut off, abandoned by the
Church, forsaken by some of their
allies, what hope was there for Or-
leans and France?

Borne by the swift feet of rumor
came wonderful tidings to the strick-
en city. A virgin had arisen out of

Lorraine, as was foretold by the an-
cient prophecies, and was even now
on her way to see the King, and to
undertake the deliverance of Orleans.

Perilous was Joan's journey to
Chinon, where Charles was holding
his shabby little court, wearing his
old shoes—the distrustful bootmaker
having carried away the new ones.

Finally Joan is received.

In plain, earnest terms she states
her mission.

"I am Joan the Virgin, sent by
God to save France." She asked for
troops that she might go and save
Orleans.

Charles was much disposed to
treat her as a visionary, but seeing
the impression she had created, he
hesitated. She was lodged with the
King's lieutenant and treated well.
Day after day she renewed her re-
quest for troops.

After full inquiry into her life and
character, after hearing what she
had to say, after viewing her clad as
a male soldier, which was afterward
charged against her by the Church
as a crime, the examiners sanctioned
her mission, and urged Charles in
strong terms to equip her for the
work.

A suit of beautiful armor is made
for her; a white banner, embroidered
with lilies, is given her; a rusty
sword is found in a church and
scoured into creditable appearance;
a military staff is appointed her; her
brothers, Peter and John, who fol-
lowed her to Chinon, are placed in
her retinue; two pages are appointed
for her service; her two faithful
knights are placed in her troop; the
Archbishop of Rheims accompanies
her; soldiers are enlisted, and all is
ready.

"Unfurl the white banner; and
forward march!"

One can hear the silvery tones of
her thrilling voice come breaking
through the mists of time.

Night and morning, as that army
marched, there is a ceremony Joan
will not omit.

An altar must be raised, and the
consecrated standard placed beside
it; the soldiers kneel, the priests do
their holy office, sacred songs are
sung, and the Virgin takes the Sac-
rament—her troops taking it with
her.

Woe unto the enemy which such
an army, led in such a spirit, shall
meet in battle!

Already the English were half
whipped. The French had been
aroused to confidence. They saw the
hand of God in it. How could they
fail!

It was an age when sorcery and
withcraft were believed in. The
English were superstitious, and they
believed that Joan was sent by the
devil.

Hence both armies fell into the
same faith, so far as the supernat-
ural character of the Virgin's mission
was concerned—the ground for dis-
pute was, who sent her, God or the
devil?

When Joan entered Orleans the
siege had already lasted since Octo-
ber. It was now May. The English
had been steadily gaining ground all
the while; and at no time had the
French prospects been so gloomy as
they were when she arrived.

But in ten days after her magic
touch was laid to the work the Eng-
lish had been utterly vanquished and
driven away!

The fearless and tireless girl was
in the thick of the fight all the time,
was ever the first to advance, and the
last to retire.

Her lips, ever uttering words of
pity for the wounded, ever breathing
prayers, ever chiding profanity and
levity, were also ready and constant
with the battle cry of "Onward!"

Struck down with a severe wound,
she herself drew the iron from it,
and was up and fighting again, in
time to save the day.

Never was she petulant and harsh,
save when the chieftains foiled her
plans for advancing.

Rude, unutterably rude, were some
of the insults cast in her teeth by
the English.

Tears would dim the glorious eyes
at such times, but she fought on—
never resting, never doubting. She
herself would catch up the scaling
ladders and place them against the
walls when no other dared do it,
heedless of cannon shot and flying
arrows.

She herself would carry her ban-

ner to the very forefront of the strug-
gle.

"Watch my standard; when it
touches the walls, the place will be
ours!"

And the heroic girl would press it
forward, ever forward, until the silk-
en folds of white and gold touched the
walls, and her glad cry rang out,
"The victory is ours!"

Time and again she rallied the
broken ranks. Time and again she
compelled triumph by refusing to
fall back when the men said retreat.

And the final overthrow of the
English and the breaking up of the
siege of Orleans were due to her in-
domitible pluck in continuing to
fight when the chieftains had order-
ed a retreat.

The common people crowd about
her as she journeys from Orleans to
Tours. They hail her with tears of
joy; they reverently touch her hands,
her dress; even stoop down and kiss
the footprints of her horse!

The King comes to meet her. He
offers to confer nobility on her—as if
God had left that to him!

At the head of the victorious
French Joan followed the retreating
English. She met them in fair fight
in the open field and beat them—the
first time such a thing had befallen
the English at the hands of the
French in scores of years. She took
from them city after city, until the
way was clear for Charles to go to
Rheims and be crowned King of
France.

Riding through the streets after
the coronation, side by side with the
King, cheered joyously upon all sides,
she was noticed to be sad.

"I would that God would allow me
to return to my home, to my sister
and my brothers, to my father and
my mother."

This ended her mission. She said
that her Voices had not charged her
with any work further than she had
already done.

But the King would not have it so.
Many cities and towns yet remained
in the hands of the English. He
knew the soldiers and the people had
faith in Joan, and he wished to profit
by her further service.

The poor girl yielded, though un-
der protest. She had enemies near
the King who hated her for her glo-
ry and for her influence. They now
took every means to discredit her.
Plans which she proposed were re-
jected. Plans which she disapproved
were accepted. She was made to
attempt military movements which
she did not sanction, and she was
not supported in those which she at-
tempted.

Greatly did she suffer and keenly
feel the ingratitude of him she had
made King.

The danger from the English hav-
ing passed, the male commanders grew
restive under Joan's leadership.
These wretched curs whom she had
inspired to bravery and success ac-
cused her of being dictatorial.

It is the old, sad story.

The poor girl was led away to cap-
tivity and chains.

For more than a year she lived,
suffering every day.

Brave! Ah, greatly and divinely
brave, because it was never possible
to wring from her lips one word of
complaint against the graceless
wretch she had enthroned, and who
now dallied with lewd women, idling
away the time in the luxuries of the
wealth which she had brought him,
and who yet never by word or letter
tried to save her!

Dead these five centuries are those
two, the maid and the King; but ev-
en now one shudders to think that
the same God made them both.

The immediate captors of Joan
were Burgundians, allies of the Eng-
lish.

The man who took her carried her
to his master, a noble called the Bas-
tard of Vendome.

This noble sold her to his master,
another noble named John of Lux-
emburg.

This noble sold her to the English
for two thousand dollars.

Great was the joy of the English.
Bells were rung in all the churches,
songs of thanksgiving were sung, and
the English and Burgundian chiefs
all flocked to see her, "more joyful
than if they had taken five hundred
fighting men."

Where were her friends? Was there
no brave knight in all France to
couch lance, uplift banner, and

cry "To the rescue."

Where was the King? Sipping
wine amid painted women.

Where were the people—the people
whom she had loved and delivered.

Alas! The people abused the no-
bles for betraying her, put the signs
of public mourning up in the streets,
and prayed laboriously for her in the
churches. There was even a proces-
sion of barefooted priests at Tours,
which went through the city implor-
ing heaven for her deliverance.

Week after week dragged itself by
as the subtle and cruel Judges, who
had denied her the benefit of coun-
sel, piled her with questions and men-
aces and temptation.

Failing to ensnare her into confes-
sion or self-crimination by these
methods, they threatened her with
torture—that horrible process with
which the authorities of Church and
State were used to tear the flesh,
crush the bones, or rend the limbs of
the prisoner.

Joan is carried into the torture
chamber, and the Bishop of Beau-
vais shows her the ghastly instru-
ments with which her frail body is
to be mangled. He points to the ex-
ecutioners, standing ready to seize
her and do their dreadful work.

No mother, no father, no kinsman,
no friend, stands beside the maiden
to nerve her with encouragement, to
say: "Take courage; be brave!"

No; she is alone—utterly alone in
the dark of the dungeon—in the
hands of relentless enemies who feast
upon her woe and hunger for her life.

"Confess," says the Bishop, "or
you shall be stripped, and bound, and
tortured!"

"Though you should tear me limb
from limb, I would tell you nothing
more!"

Thus spoke Joan, the bravest of all
the world's brave!

Her very courage saved her.

Some of her judges persisted that
she ought to be tortured, but she was
very weak and might die under it,
and as they had already decided to
condemn her, the torture was deem-
ed unnecessary.

She was condemned to death, and
the scaffold was built.

The judges all agreed that she had
relapsed into her heresy and must be
burned.

Gravely the monks showed her the
dreadful reality that faced her.

She wept piteously and tore her
hair.

The record is made up—made up
for all the ages—made up to be curs-
ed and bitterly despised and hated
by all the sons of men forever!

Let the English heart be satisfied.
In all their race for empire, reek-
ing at every step with the blood of
the weak, there is nothing worse than
this.

Let the axes ring as timbers are
cut and fagots laid to make the fu-
neral pile. And away off at the cot-
tage of Donremy, hard by the Meuse,
let the old father and mother bend
their aged heads and pray for the lit-
tle girl who used to give up all her
coins to the poor, who had soft words
and ready help for all the sick, who
would give up her bed and sleep on
the floor when the tired stranger
came by and asked for rest and shel-
ter! They will see her no more.

Clad in a woman's long gown, she
is put into a cart, and, guarded by
800 soldiers, she is taken through the
crowded streets.

In the old market place they have
built three scaffolds—one for the
Bishops and nobles who wished to see
the execution, another for Joan and
some priests and officials, the third
for Joan alone.

Soldiers brutally drag Joan to the
third pile, which, as we said, was
made for her alone. She is fastened
to the stake high up on the scaffold,
that the flames may be slow in re-
leasing her to the dread keeping of
death.

Up spring the flames, fiercely leap-
ing, wildly playing; and they catch
the shrinking flesh in their red and
hungry arms.

But she feels no fear. The good
priest holds the cross almost in the
midst of the terrible furnace of
flames she is heard crying: "Jesus,
Jesus, Mary! My Voices!"

Then, uttering one great cry, "Je-
sus!" she droops her head upon her
breast and dies.

"Ten thousand men are weeping,
Some Englishmen alone laugh, or try
to laugh," says the historian.

The ashes are collected and thrown
into the Seine.—From Thomas E.
Watson's History of France.

Cure Cold in Head.
Kermott's Chocolate Laxative Quinine, easy
to take and quick to cure cold in head and sore
throat.

W. Richardson.

Voracious Little Robins.

A would be philanthropist relates
his experiences trying to play mother
to a nest of little robins, which had
by accident been deprived of their
rightful mother's care. He diligent-
ly set to work digging angleworms,
and supposed that he was fulfilling
his whole duty, when one of the poor
songsters died. Upon examination
of the body, which was reduced to
skin and bone, the foster parent came
to the conclusion that it must have
died of starvation.

Deeply grieved at his shortcom-
ings, he redoubled his efforts, deter-
mined to at least save the other two.
It was not long, however, before a
second one died, evidently of the
same malady. The good man then
resolved that, whatever the third one
died of, it should not be starvation,
and took off his coat and went to
work in earnest. He kept on with
the angleworm diet until he found
that his own little bird was consum-
ing from fourteen to eighteen yards
of angle worms a day. This was too
much for his patience, and he pro-
ceeded to substitute the more easily
managed diet of bread and milk and
other delicacies, which were, however,
not nearly so much to Miss Robin's
taste.

Wanting to discover whether he
had been catering to a family of ab-
normal appetites, our friend took to
watching the methods of a real mo-
ther bird, and found that she fed her
young every two minutes. He then
consulted the learned books upon
birds, and discovered that fourteen
yards of worms a day, with meals
every two minutes, is the average rate
of feeding fledglings. He has, there-
fore, decided that he does not care to
take up raising birds by hand as a
business.—Boston Transcript.

Before the discovery of One Minute
Cough Cure, ministers were greatly dis-
turbed by coughing congregations. No
excuse for it now. W. Richardson.

Twenty-Nine Benedict Arnolds.

Harper's Weekly: Last week was a
notable week for the New York Sun.
It scored two beats. On Sunday,
February 5, it announced, briefly, the
news of the battle of the previous day
at Manila. So far as is known no
other newspaper had this news on
that day, except such as got it from
the Sun.

On Tuesday, February 7, it pub-
lished the name of 29 traitors, mem-
bers of the Senate, whose names, it
said, belonged in the same infamous
category with that of Benedict Ar-
nold, and "will be a blemish and a
byword among Americans from this
time forth." This was a beat also.
So far as appears, no other newspaper
had this news as early as the Sun, or
has had it since.

The title of the 29 to rank with
Benedict Arnold rests on the fact
that they voted against the ratifica-
tion of the treaty of Paris. Equally
deserving of the same distinction are
24 American citizens, who petitioned
the Senate not to ratify the treaty
until it was so amended as to provide
against the forcible annexation of
Porto Rico and the Philippines. This
list includes the names of Grover
Cleveland, Henry C. Potter, Charles
W. Eliot, Andrew Carnegie, Henry
Van Dyke, John G. Carlisle and oth-
ers of corresponding character and
note.

Benedict Arnold, during the last
sorrowful years of his disastrous life,
was not a social favorite even in Eng-
land, and had to put up with bad
company or none. We may hope in
all charity that his shade, however it
loiters, is in a position to find solace
in the Sun's assurance that the name
it once bore has at last found its way
back again into good society.

"Give me a liver regulator and I can
regulate the world," said a genius. The
druggist handed him a bottle of Dr. Will's
Little Early Risers, the famous little
pills. W. Richardson.

A Scripture examination was being
held recently in an English school,
the lesson being Elijah offering up a
sacrifice on Mt. Carmel. As the
children looked like good scholars,
the inspector gave them a question,
saying:

Now, you have told me that Elijah
put the bullock on the altar. Why
did he put water round the altar?

The children looked amazed, ex-
cept on little boy, who stood up and
said: